

1875
1875
1875
Foster's Melodies

No. 33.

Home is Gone

SONG

Written & composed

by

STEPH. C. FOSTER

AUTHOR OF

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

GENTLE ANNIE.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

NEW YORK.

Published by FIRTH, FOND & Co.

547 Broadway.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

ELLEN BAYNE

OLD DOG TRAY, &c. &c.

H. KLEBER & BRO.
Pittsburgh

C. Y. FONDA.
Cincinnati

H. PILCHER & SONS.
St. Louis.

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LULLA IS GONE

POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE

Poco Adagio.

PIANO

With a heart for - sa - ken I

wan - - der

In

si - - lence,

in

grief

and

a - lone,

On a

form de - part - ed I pon - - der, For Lu - - la, sweet Lu - - la is

gone. Gone when the ro - - ses have fa - - - ded,

Gone when the mea_dows are bare To a land by orange blossoms

sha - - ded Where summer ev - er lin_gers on the air.

CHORUS.

Lu - la, Lu - la, Lu - la is gone; With summer birds her bright smiles To

sun - ny lands have flown. When day brea - keth glad - - ly My

heart wa - keth sad - - ly, For Lu - - la, Lu - - la is gone.

p

The musical score is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Lu - la, Lu - la, Lu - la is gone; With summer birds her bright smiles To sun - ny lands have flown. When day brea - keth glad - - ly My heart wa - keth sad - - ly, For Lu - - la, Lu - - la is gone." The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the piano part.

SECOND VERSE.

Not a voice a - - wa - kens the moun - tains, No
 glad - ness re - turns with the dawn, Not a smile is mirrored in the
 foun - tains, For Lu - la, sweet Lu - la is gone. Day is be - rept of its
 plea - sures, Night of its beau - ti - ful dreams, While the dirge of well remembered
 mea - - sures Is murmured by the rip - ple on the streams. *Chorus.*

THIRD VERSE.

When I view the chill - blighted bow - - ers And
 roam o'er the snow covered plain How I long for spring's bud - ding
 flowers To welcome her sweet smiles a - gain. Why does the earth seem for -
 - sa - - ken? Time will this sad - ness re - move: At her voice the meadows will a -
 - wa - - - ken To ver - - dure, sweet mel - o - dy and love. *Chorus.*

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